

The Evening World

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PLENTY TO ARBITRATE.



The offer of the miners to submit their differences to arbitration wins them a popular sympathy which has so far been denied the operators, because of an attitude in which candor and a spirit of concession were not conspicuous.

President Mitchell could not have presented his cause with greater plausibility than he has done by basing this conciliatory action on "the great public interests involved."

How will the operators meet these overtures? On whether they accept or reject the miners' proposals will depend the public estimation of the sincerity of their motives in holding out. It will be idle for Mr. Baer to reiterate that there is nothing to arbitrate. The Ohio operators have been able to find something to arbitrate. The "public interests" in question are themselves a sufficient ground for arbitration. The controversy is not merely a personal and private dispute between employer and employee.

It is a disagreement to which the nation is equally a party with those directly concerned, and for which it must suffer until a settlement is reached. The action of the miners looking to a compromise puts a heavier burden of responsibility on the operators to meet the advance half way.

A ZULU CHIEF AND ORATOR.

Pixley Ka Isake Seme, an African negro, has won the George William Curtis medal, the highest honor in oratory awarded in Columbia University.

If Mr. Seme's forefathers had been stolen in tribal raids in Africa 200 years ago, brought to this country as slaves and had left enslaved descendants the boy might have been named William Thompson or George Washington, and have shone as a whitewash artist.

How differently it happens in his case! He is a Zulu, a young chief of a race that remained until recent times unconquerable. By the time the British had got around to the absorption of the Zulus they had acquired sense enough to prohibit slavery and to utilize native rulers in the maintenance of order. Young Seme will return to guide and influence his own people not only by his hereditary rank in the old-native aristocracy, but by the prestige of learning. Black men in far Africa will look with awe on the Curtis medal, who have no idea of its meaning.

When white men break into a new country to "kill all over ten," as Gen. Smith directed in Samar, or to make shambles of native villages, as Gen. Wood so recently did in Jolo, or to barter with the victors of slave hunting expeditions, as the slave traders of Peter Faneuil and the Rhode Island "first families" did years ago, they find excuse for the act in Scripture or in necessity, or in the musty saying that "some one else will if we don't."

There is always a better way. Mr. Seme shows what may be done with a black man who is conquered but not disgraced or enslaved, and who grows up in his own civilization in the way of his fathers with his spirit unbroken and his pride unslain.

TO OUST RAINES LAW DIVES.

The efforts of Gov. Higgins to accelerate the passage of the Prentice bill regulating hotel licenses deserve all praise.

The measure provides that after May 1 no hotel shall receive a license which is not found by inspection to satisfy all requirements of the building law. It arms the State with the only effective weapon yet devised for driving the illicit Raines law dives out of existence. It is legislation which in no way interferes with legitimate business interests. There is nothing in it to which the lawful hotel-keeper can take the slightest exception. It is directed solely against the drinking resorts which disgrace the name of hotel under which they masquerade.

It is enlightened legislation, the enactment of which will do much to remove a stigma from the city.

The CRIME of the LAST HOUSE
By Arthur Morrison

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Abel Pullin, a sea captain, is found murdered in a boarding-house kept by the lecherous Mrs. Beekie. The Captain's room has been robbed. Among other things a useless check book has been stolen. Beekie followed the famous private detective, who discovered the lecherous, fellow-boarder named Foster, is suspected of the crime and arrested. Hewitt, who is a detective, goes in a ditch and goes on to prove Foster's innocence.

CHAPTER III.

Hewitt resumed his summing up: "So that at any rate the balance of probability was that the murderer had left by the window. Of the two papers burned in the grate—you have kept them under the shade, I see—one bore no trace of the writing that had been on it (many links and papers do not after having been burned), but the other bore plain signs of having been a check. Now, just let us look at it. The main body of the paper has been burnt to a deep gray ash, nearly black, but the printed parts of the check—those printed in colored ink that is—of a much paler gray, quite a light ash color. But one can plainly see in larger script letters part of the bold line of print, the name of the bank. The letters are e r n C o n s a, and this must mean the Eastern Consolidated Bank. Of course, you saw that for yourself. "Yes, of course I did." "Fortunately, the words of the check number are unbroken. It is E R N C O N S A. I took a note of that as well as of the other particulars distinguishing it. It is from the Pullin clearly, and here is the name of the Christian name, Abel, and the first few letters of Pullin. Then on the left, where the amount is written at length, there are the letters u s a n d p a y. At the bottom, where the amount is placed in figures, there is a bad break, but the first figure is a 2. The check, then, was one for £200 at least. And there is one more thing. The cipher is perfect and unbroken nearly all along

the top edge, and there is no sign of crossing, so that here is an open check which any thief might cash with a little care. That is all we can see! But it is enough, I think. Now, would a thief committing murder for the sake of plunder, burn this check? Would Pullin, to whom the money was to be paid, burn it? I think not. Then who in the whole world would have any interest in burning it? Not a soul, with one single exception—the man who drew it. "Yes, yes. What do you mean that the man who drew that check must have murdered Pullin in order to get it back and destroy it?" "That is my opinion. Now who would draw Pullin a check for £200? Anybody in this house? Is it at all likely? Of course not. Again we are pointed to a stranger. And now remember Pullin's antecedents. On his last voyage but one his ship, the *Egret*, was cast away. His *Egret* was heavily insured, and there were many rumors at Lloyd's that Captain Pullin had made sure of his whereabouts, taken care of himself and destroyed the ship in collusion with the owners, and that the *Kauka* boy had only escaped because he happened to be well acquainted with the islands. Now suppose the story of the intentional wreck was true, and for some reason Pullin's payment was not off till after his next voyage, would the people who had insured the ship be so ready to pay the money to a man who had been at a single instant to such extent I think not. "And I told you yesterday I made some particular inquiries at Lloyd's through a friend of mine, an underwriter himself. I found that the sole owner of the *Egret* was one Herbert Rooft, trading as Herbert Rooft & Co. And the bankers of Herbert Rooft & Co. are the Eastern Consolidated. Moreover, the check, E R N C O N S A, was from Rooft & Co. book. The detective now excitedly from his chair, "Come," he said, "this must be followed up. We mustn't waste time;



LETTERS from the PEOPLE ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

Indians Smoked First.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was it the white man or the Indian that learned to smoke first? J. M. L.

Tobacco was in common use among the American Indians before Columbus's day. It was introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Those Fourteenth Streeters."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read with approval the various complaints in your paper concerning the hoodlumism of young boys in forcing their way aboard northbound

Subway expresses at Fourteenth street. Last night six boys and four girls, presumably from some nearby store or factory, butted aboard the car. They enlisted proceedings by banging each other on the back and howling with laughter at such brilliant horse-play. They "owned the car" and rough-housed it to the annoyance of decent, tired, paper-reading home-owners. They got off at One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Lenox avenue and proceeded to bottle their way, hooting and slapping, all the way in

the crowded stairs. This is only one of fifty instances of the way those Fourteenth Streeters annoy us. F. J. N.

"Farm Fever."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I notice several letters from readers asking about the chances of a farmer's life. "A Farm Aspirant" would do well to steer away from a farm life, unless brought up a farmer. All the books will not make him one. They are only of use to the farmers, who, as a rule, have no use for them. Every man at some time in his life gets the farm fever in one form or another, thereby enriching the man he buys from and making himself poorer in pocket and disgusted with rural life in general. Don't go on a farm unless you have not really experienced two happy days in your life. If you want to experience two such days you will get them. The first day you go

on the farm is one of them and the day you come off the farm will be the other. J. N.

Three-Cent Fares.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am glad to see your paper has again called attention to the three-cent fare proposition. See what it would mean to a family in which there are three or more workers living in congested districts. Why, with that saving they could travel a good distance north from the city, and east in Brooklyn to the beautiful suburbs, only one-half hour's ride from the City Hall, where they could kindly relieve you of another nickel. JAMES THORNDIKE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What was the population of the British Empire at the last census, including colonies, dependencies, &c.? RANDOLPH ALLEN.

the direction he had taken, supposing it ever were found. "As I quite expected, my guess was right. The behavior of some of the people in the house might have been suspicious if I hadn't had so strong a clue in my mind, leading in another direction. Foster, poor fellow, has probably pawned all his clothes, and after another, and has put those bricks in his boxes to conceal the fact, so that Mrs. Beekie might not turn him away. He owed her so much that at last he hadn't the face to go and eat her breakfast when he had no money to pay for it. He went out early, not for a drink, got 'stood drinks, and came back drunk. The girl Taffy very naturally ran from the horrible sight in this room, and probably Foster had been kind to her at some time or another, so that when she found he was suspected she refused to give any further information. "Yes, the inspector said, thoughtfully, 'It certainly seems so. It is together to the smallest bit, as you put it. There's a future before you, Mr. Hewitt. You ought to be on the force. But now I must go to Rooft's house in Chadwell Heath. Are you coming?' So early as Rooft's house, where Rooft lived, was a neat and rather pretentious house, standing in about three acres of ground. It was a large, two-story house, with a small garden in front. Hewitt should wait outside till Hewitt had sent in a message asking to see Mr. Rooft on a matter of urgent business, and that then both should follow the servant to his room. This was done, and as the parlor maid was knocking at the bedroom door she was astonished to find Hewitt and the police inspector behind her. Truscott at once pushed open the door, and the two walked in. "It was a large, well-lighted room, and at the far end a man sat in his dressing gown near a table, on which stood several medicine bottles. He was a man apparently of about thirty-eight, well built, and with sharp features. He frowned at Truscott and Hewitt, and asked, 'What do you want here?' "Hewitt stepped over the man, 'Dead,' he said, 'dead the Abel Pullin. It is pruned acid. He had arranged for instant action if he were asked; and the further he carried it before getting rid of it, the more distinct the clue to

Why the United States Is What It Is Co-Day.

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did. Why They Did It. What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 8.—WILLIAM PENN; The Man Who Brought Peace to America.

DOWN the streets of Oxford raced a group of students, themselves gownless and ripping the gown from every student they passed. The rioters were headed by one Master William Penn, son of Admiral Sir William Penn, of His Majesty's Navy.

The student insurrection was an outbreak against certain churchly forms which the university was trying to enforce. Penn, as ringleader, was promptly expelled. He had up to this time been merely an all-around athlete, studying law in his leisure moments. Now, however, ejected from college and his studies checked, his whole course of life was changed and he entered on a career that was to culminate in the colonizing of Pennsylvania.

For the next few years following his expulsion from Oxford Penn underwent as many and as varied adventures as a Dumas hero. A welcome guest at the gay court of Louis XIV. of France, a traveler in search of excitement, an officer on his father's naval staff, a fighter in the Irish military insurrection, a man of fashion. All these pursuits in rapid succession Penn followed. Posterity, remembering only the results of his gentle and peaceful government of the Pennsylvania colony, is for the most part ignorant of the man's turbulent early life.

In the heyday of these adventures the famous Plague swept London. At the same time Quakerism was preached broadcast throughout the land. The first event sobered Penn. The second led him to take an interest in the new creed.

In 1667, when only twenty-three years old, he espoused Quaker doctrines and was promptly arrested for so doing, for in those days religious liberty was unknown in Europe. First and last, Penn was cast into prison no less than four times for his championship of Quaker belief. He was, moreover, cast out of his father's home for the same reason and estranged from his best friends.

Penn's father died in 1670. The Crown owed his estate \$50,000. Penn offered to accept a tract of land in America in place of money payment. He had already become interested in the New World and had helped to send thither eighty families of emigrants—many of them victims of religious persecution.

Charles II., always pressed for ready money, gladly accepted the young Quaker's offer. The tract lying between New York and Virginia was set apart for him. Penn wanted to call the colony New Wales. Charles disliked the name, so Penn changed it to Sylvania (woods). The King added the name "Penn" in memory of the young man's famous father—not in honor of the Quaker himself, as is generally supposed.

This Pennsylvania was named.

Penn set to work at once colonizing the new tract. He sent out Capt. William Markham in 1682 with orders to seek a fitting spot for a capital and to establish friendly relations with the natives. He himself followed in September of the same year.

Penn's first act on landing in America was to divide his tract into counties and (against his followers' advice) to select for his capital the neck of land at the juncture of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers. This capital he named Philadelphia, a title coined from two Greek words, signifying "Brotherly Love." Within a year the new city numbered more than one hundred houses.

Penn then summoned the neighboring tribes of Indians and, explaining his own peaceful precepts, made a solemn treaty with them—a treaty never sworn to (for Quakers may not take oath) and never broken.

While every other colony in America was visited in turn by the horrors of Indian warfare, no drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by a savage in Pennsylvania.

Establishing his colony on a sure footing, based upon peace, gentleness and justice, Penn returned to England in 1684, leaving 7,000 prosperous settlers behind him.

He spent the remainder of his life in trying to secure religious liberty in England, and at last succeeded in doing so.

But he was not to escape the common fate of America's greatest colonists and discoverers. His Governorship was taken away from him and Pennsylvania annexed to New York. He was thrown into prison for debt and, broken in health and fortune, died in 1718. The body of the man who laid the cornerstone of peace and religious toleration in America rests in an unmarked, unknown grave.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES

By Irvin S. Cobb.

THIS is going to be about the Brooklyn man—the official and recognized Brooklyn man from the elastic and long-leafed depths of the caoutchouc jungles. By some signs you know him:

He is laying up to buy a special croquet mallet with his initials carved on the handle.

He always opens the conversation by saying he wouldn't live anywhere except in Brooklyn for any money and then asks you if you know of a nice flat for—say about forty per—on the upper west side somewhere?

He comes over every morning wearing the bridge face. There are two ways of getting the bridge face—by either playing or crossing it. The first is more expensive, but in the long run the other causes the disposition to ravel just as badly. Here's how he crosses:

Bounding from his bed as the alarm clock begins to make a noise like a woman's club, he clothes himself with rapid circular motions. Climbing into his shirt, he suggests one of those spidery-looking eight-armed Eel Indians gods leading for the wind in a clinch.

With his trusty safety razor he runs around his face twice so rapidly that he almost overtakes himself on the second lap. He deals his front teeth a glancing blow with one brush and his hair a severe slap with another.

The chances are that he will not ride in the elevator, because he probably doesn't live in the Brooklyn apartment-house that has the elevator, and the



other one is not finished yet. Since the landlord has not provided him with a brass pole to slide down, the same as they have at the engine-house, he uses the stairs, giving spirited imitations of a runaway team on a plank road as he shoots blithely to the street.

He dives impetuously toward the nearest dhabarshahery or custom-made quick-lunch shop; meals fitted while you wait. Leaping into a chair at the nearest table, he tells Pompadour Pansy to bring him a disher-breakfast-food-eggs-fried-on-one-side-cupper-coffee-and-let-em-come-erlong-fast.

They come along fast until they reach our hero, and even then they scarcely hesitate before the final plunge. He tilts a glass of ice water down himself on top of the last bite or bite, smacks himself violently upon the lower part of the countenance with a paper napkin, flings the exact change at Marshall Mangle, behind the cashier's desk and dashes headlong for the nearest station of the classical B. R. T.

Going up the steps he runs down the half, the aged, the lame and the blind. When a train comes—as come they must on the B. R. T.—he forces his way aboard, leaving a thick trail of slain and mangled in his wake.

Cradled in the lap of a helpless Culver liner and mangle his feet with those of several Flatbush survivors, he rides across Little Hill Gate, otherwise the Manhattan terminal.

He is the first passenger to reach terra firma, better known as Park Row. He waits for Nassau street at a sweeping pace, destroying weak shopgirls and slinking shipping clerks as he goes. He has but thirty seconds in which to reach the office.

THE FUNNY PART!

And then he stops eighteen minutes in front of a show window to watch a man demonstrate a new s-s-s-pender buckle.